



MADE IN CANADA

PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO., Limited
Toronto

Last Minute Guests

Not more than a family dinner in the stove and you do want to do something a little extra for them.

A dainty dessert somehow gives a finish and adds a formal touch to what otherwise would be an ordinary meal.

Pure Gold Quick Desserts

(Trade Mark Registered)

have the delightful quality of being quickly prepared yet with none of the taste or appearance of "hurry up." For example—

Try this Yukon Sherbet

Soak package Pure Gold Orange Jelly in cup cold water; soak cup icing sugar in juice of three oranges, add both together in a pint of cold water and freeze. Garnish with orange.

Same recipe for all other fruits.

Our Book of Recipes Sent Free

Let us send you our valuable little book "The Secret of Delicious Desserts." It tells you how to make any number of dainty desserts and delicious salads in very little time and almost no trouble at all. And the delightfully good part of it all, remember, is that the speed with which these results are obtained only serves to enhance the enjoyable flavor of the result.

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Samples on Request

Send us 10c in stamps to pay packing and postage and let us send you generous samples of our Vanilla and Lemon Extracts and a small can of Baking Powder. Mention your own and your dealer's name and address.

IN THE DAYS OF THE PLAY PARTY

By J. L. HARBOUR

MODERN ideas of propriety have made the play party a thing of the past in localities in which it was once most popular. Parties of this kind still obtain in some of the rural districts; but our revised ideas of correct deportment have deprived honest young fellows and rosy-cheeked maidens of the delight they once found in coming together on long winter evenings in the old farmhouses or in the villages and enjoying the play party with its great variety of kissing games and noisy fun.

Often the party closed with an oyster supper, and there would be unlimited quantities of pie, doughnuts, and apples. The young fellows were almost sure to have in their pockets an abundant supply of "pep-mints," and this confectionery would be in heart-shaped forms, with such armorous inscriptions as "I love you" or "You are my heart's delight" on them. The penetrating odour of musk was in evidence on the handkerchief of the girls, while cinnamon drops were more popular as perfume with the boys. There was a bright pink hair oil of pungent odour that was much in vogue, and the wearing of paper collars brought forth no invidious criticism, even though the collar was worn with a flannel shirt. Poetry and kissing were happily combined in many of the games.

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A GAME OF MUCH KISSING.

I RECALL one game involving so much kissing that by the time twenty or more persons had entered

into it each would have been kissed fifty or sixty times. When playing this alluring game the young people ranged themselves in two lines. Facing each other, they sang lustily and to a rollicking air:

"Here stands a young couple,
Both joined heart and hand!
Oh, it's he wants a wife
And she wants a man,
And they can be married
If they can agree;
So march down the centre
In love and harmo-nee!"

The couple at the head of the line then clasped hands and marched down the room between the two lines, and this was supposed to constitute the marriage ceremony. Then the young man marched to the head of the line again behind the young men, and the young woman did the same behind the girls, while the others sang:

"Now, they are married,
And, since it is so,
Away to the war in haste he must go!

I'm mourning, I'm mourning!
And this shall be my cry,
If I never see my true love
I surely shall die!"

The "true love" then appeared and embraced his bride, while the others sang:

"Oh, here comes my true love!

And how do you do,
And how have you been
Since I last saw you?
The wars are all over

And we're from war's alarms;

So can't you give us joy

By the raising of your arms?"

Then all the boys and girls clasped hands high in the air, creating a kind of arch, under which the reunited pair marched, the bride kissing every boy in line, while the bridegroom had the happy privilege of so saluting everyone of the girls.

Then the next couple at the head of the line were "married" in the same way, and with the same osculatory result, and so on until each couple had been properly united.

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THE KISS WITH NO HARM.

ANOTHER popular kissing game was "Sister Phoebe." When this game was on a girl took her place on a chair in the centre of the room, while the others sang:

"Oh, sister Phoebe, how happy were we
The night we sat under Tom Snyder's
peach tree!

Tom Snyder's peach tree, heigh-o,
heigh-o!

Tom Snyder's peach tree, heigh-o!

"Tom Snyder came out with his old
rusty gun,

And he said he would shoot us if we
didn't run,

And if we didn't run, heigh-o,
heigh-o!

If we didn't run, heigh-o!

"Now take this hat on your head to
keep your head warm

And take a sweet kiss, which will do
you no harm;

But a great deal of good I know, I
know,

A great deal of good, I know!"

Then "Sister Phoebe" chose the young man who should bestow the sweet kiss that was to do her no harm.

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"GRABBING" A PARTNER.

THERE was a marching game with no particular name, though I believe it was sometimes called "grab." When playing this game the young fellows chose partners among the girls and marched in a circle with some unmated young fellow in the middle. Then the marchers sang:

"Oh, happy was the miller
Who lived by himself!
As the wheel went around
He gathered in his wealth.
With one hand in the hopper
And the other in the bag,
As the wheel went around
He cried out, 'Grab!'"

Then all the young fellows had to "change partners," and the unmated fellow in the centre had to watch his opportunity and "grab" a partner for himself if he could. When all the "grabbing" was done, the one who found himself without a partner had to take his place in the circle, and the doggerel lines were sung again.

Or it might be that this rhyme was sung:

"Oh, happy was the rain-crow
As she flew!

If I was a young man,
I'd have two.

If one proved false

And from me did go,

I'd have two strings

To my bow, bow, bow!"